Leisure Hours well employ'd:

BEING, A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL POEMS.

Compos'd by PELEG MORRIS.

A Verse may find him, that a Sermon flies,
And turn the Pleasure to a Sacrifice.
HERBERT.

LONDON:
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THE PREFACE.

COURTEOUS READERS,

YOU may perhaps be not a little surprised, that I, who am so very young, and have not any thing of a polite Education, should venture to launch such a weak and crazy Vessel as this is into (pardon the Similitude) the vast Ocean of the World; especially since it is so liable to be blown about by ev'ry Wind of Censure and Ridicule. I acknowledge it seems very bold and venturous; but, notwithstanding these Objections, I am fully persuaded, that if true Religion but steer the Ship, it will never fail landing in some friendly Harbour. Another Objection may also be started; and it may be asked me, "What "Opportunities could be found, since you "are engaged in Business, for such a Work

" as this is? Could your proper Calling " and this be attended together?" *To this permit me to answer, That when the Employment of the Day was over, I have frequently found it most pleasing and profitable for me to ascend upon the Wings of Contemplation, and take a Prospect of those Glories which infinitely excel the most boasted Pleasures of Sense and Time; and if I have ventured to put the Transports of my Mind at such Seasons into Expression, I think I cannot deserve Censure for it. As to the Poetry, I dare not but acknowledge, but that there is an endless Variety of Faults, both with respect to Sentiments and Language; but I hope, that a Remembrance of my Ignorance of any Language besides that of my Mother-Tongue, will in some Measure atone for the Want of true Poetry; and if this be not sufficient, I would entertain a Thought, that my Aims at promoting Religion would sink with Weight on the serious Mind.*

AS to the Paraphrase of Part of *Solomon's* Song, *tho' I cannot say, that it never deviates from the exact Sense, yet it is chiefly, if not entirely, agreeable to the Explanation the great Mr.* Henry *gives of it in his* Exposition. *And, however faulty this* Paraphrase *may particularly be, yet I hope it may have this happy Influence to awaken the*

Minds

Minds of abler Youths than I am to Employments of this Nature; or, at leaſt, be a Preſervative to any young Perſons from the too often fatal Snares of the World, Fleſh, and Devil. That theſe divine Ends may be anſwered,

Is the hearty Deſire

Of their Well-wiſher

For the beſt Things,

PELEG MORRIS.

THE

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 JAN 72

LEISURE HOURS WELL EMPLOY'D.

HYMN I.

The Attempt toward HEAVEN *disappointed.*

I.

FAIN I'd on yonder Mount survey
The bliſsful Fields above,
And leave behind this cumbrous Clay,
That hinders my Remove:

II.

Lo! There a Tree, divinely fair,
In living Verdure grows,
And ev'ry gentle Breeze of Air,
Is ſweet with *Sharon's* Roſe:

III.

I view, on yon eternal Hills,
The Vines, with warm Desire,
And now and then a Drop distils,
To set my Soul on Fire:

IV.

Upward I stretch with growing Aim,
And bid my Pinions soar,
And Sights and Tastes renew my Flame,
And make me long for more.

V.

Boldly I travel up the Skies,
Nor mind the circling Chain,
Till *Satan* his keen Malice tries,
And checks me down again.

VI.

So the young Bird exulting tries
To join the feather'd Train,
But sudden feels the silken Ties,
And drops to Earth again.

VII.

Dear LORD, when shall that Moment come,
(A Moment all divine)
When I shall reach my native Home,
And be for ever Thine.

VIII.

Chearful I'd bid a World, adieu!
To sit beneath thy Throne,

Where

Where Pleasures glide for ever new,
To Worms and Dust unknown.

Hymn II.

Christ *our Love.*

I.

LET grov'ling Minds delight to view
The Trifles that allure the Sense,
Diviner Things my Thoughts pursue,
Be gone, ye carnal pleasures, hence.

II.

Jesus, th' immortal Prince of Light,
Is the dear Centre of my Soul;
Jesus so fair, so heavenly bright,
Shall all my Love, and Joy controul.

III.

He is my Portion, He my Choice,
The only Riches I adore;
In Him my Spirit shall rejoice,
When Years and Time shall roll no more.

HYMN III.

CHRIST *our Hope.*

I.

CHRIST is the Object of my Hope;
On Him my Soul relies;
'Tis He ſhall bear my Spirit up,
When Winds and Tempeſts riſe.

II.

Here ſhalt thou anchor, O my Soul,
While on a faithleſs Sea;
If Waves of huge Affliction roll,
Thoſe Waves His Voice obey.

III.

Sail on, nor fear th' engulphing Sands,
He will not ſee thy Fall,
Since thou haſt ventur'd in his Hands
Thine everlaſting All.

HYMN IV.

REVELATIONS, *Chap.* xxii. *Verſe* 20.

I.

COME, deareſt JESUS, come away
From the celeſtial Courts above;

My

My Spirit longs to leave her Clay,
And dwell in everlaſting Love.

II.

Earth is become a tireſome Vale,
Unworthy of my Love, and Reſt;
I'm deaf to its enchanting Tale;
To ſmile with JESUS, ſure is beſt.

III.

I long to ſee a SAVIOUR's Face,
So ſpotleſs fair, ſo heavenly ſweet,
That ſheds ſuch Pleaſures round the Place,
Where Crowds of Saints and Angels meet.

IV.

With them I'd worſhip round the Throne,
Releas'd from Duſt, this heavy Load,
And with *Hoſannas* here unknown,
Sound his immortal Praiſe abroad.

V.

Such Sins pollute my Service here,
So low my Praiſe, ſo cold my Love,
I languiſh till His Wheels appear,
To mount His Worm to Worlds above.

VI.

But, hark my Soul, and ceaſe thy Grief,
I know His Voice, I truſt His Word,
"I fly, He cries, to thy Relief."
Amen, Amen, come, deareſt LORD.

HYMN

HYMN V.

The Worſhip of HEAVEN.

I.

YE Saints, to yon bleſt Realms of Light,
Point your admiring raviſh'd Eyes;
Faith's Pinions will aſſiſt your Flight,
And mount you upwards to the Skies.

II.

There in the Centre, crown'd with Love,
And awful Majeſty unknown,
The Darling of the Courts above,
Has built his bright eternal Throne.

III.

There Saints, releas'd from Troubles bend,
With ſacred Awe, their willing Heads;
While their immortal Crowns deſcend,
And o'er the heav'nly Pavement ſpread.

IV.

There they with loud united Breath,
(The Heav'ns rejoicing at the Sound)
Adore the Lamb, that ſtoop'd to Death,
And conquer'd when he felt his Wound.

V.

No longer they the Sun-ſhine need,
Nor the pale Splendors of the Moon,

For

For let the Lamb his Glories ſhed,
And all is everlaſting Noon.

VI.

They reign for ever with the LORD,
Where nought can hurt them, nought deſtroy,
For ever, O the bliſsful Word,
For ever, O the boundleſs Joy.

VII.

Methinks, dear SAVIOUR, as we view
Theſe Scenes, with all the Joys they bring,
We would attempt the Worſhip too,
And liſp thy Praiſes, while *they* ſing.

VIII.

Aſſiſt our Weakneſs more and more,
And lighten our beclouded Eyes,
Till we from Sin and Diſtance ſoar,
And take our Dwelling in the Skies.

HYMN VI.

The ASCENSION.

I.

FAREWEL, I cry, once more Farewel,
Ye ſublunary ſhort-liv'd Joys,
What Madneſs ſeiz'd me thus to dwell
With painted, but inſipid, Toys?

Tho' Moles are willingly confin'd
Within the Earth, to Day-light blind,
Yet nobler Aims ſhould fill my Mind.

II.

Go, daring Soul, to purer Air,
Thy native Soil is rich with Bliſs,
And Zephirs on their Pinions bear
Th' immortal Fragrance of the Skies;
And tho' this Duſt wou'd urge thy Stay,
See for ſome Breaches of thy Clay,
And thence attempt thy upward Flight,
To Worlds of everlaſting Light.

III.

Here to reſide's beneath the Man,
Since JESUS hence has took His Flight;
Come, Guardian *Seraph*, lead the Van,
And ſoon I'll bid the World, good Night;
Oh! now I climb the heavenly Plains,
I feaſt on Joys, unmix'd with Pains,
And my Tongue tries at *Canaan*'s Strains.

HYMN VII.

The final JUDGMENT,

MATTH. XXIV. *Verſe* 30.

I.

BEHOLD *Jehovah*'s equal Son,
Deſcending from his royal Throne,
Diffuſe his Rays abroad;

See, Angels from the Realms of Light,
In Myriads take their downward Flight,
T' attend the mighty GOD.

II.

Hark! how the great Archangels ſound
The Trump, and ſhake the Skies and Ground,
To make the ſilent Dead,
While the great Judge commands the reſt,
Obedient to His high Beheſt,
His royal Throne to ſpread.

III.

See! the bleſt Saints aſcend the Air;
To meet their Judge and Saviour there,
And join the ſhining Train;
While Sinners, that deſpis'd His Grace,
Fain would avoid His vengeful Face,
And cry to Rocks in vain.

IV.

O may my Judge, my Saviour ſay,
In that delightful awful Day,
"Thou Fav'rite of my Love,
"Enjoy this Kingdom here with me,
"Prepar'd from all Eternity,
"Nor ſhalt thou fear remove."

HYMN IX.

The weary SOUL.

I.

HAD I but Pinions as the harmleſs Dove,
I'd quit a tireſome World for heavenly Reſt,
And ſmile with JESUS in the Courts above,
And in His Preſence dwell ſerenely bleſt.

II.

What is this World, in all its gay Attires?
'Tis but vain, a falſe, deceitful Show:
What is it to demand our large Deſires?
'Tis but Confuſion, Diſcontent, and Woe.

III.

Let *Epicurus'* Sons in ſenſeleſs Mirth,
Enjoy their fancy'd Heaven beneath the Poles,
And let the Wretch forget his heavenly Birth,
And drown his Reaſon as he drains the Bowls.

IV.

I envy not their Bliſs, but mount apace
From Earth's vile Mole-hill to a brighter Sphere,
And leave theſe Joys for Wretches ſuch as theſe,
Joys light as Bubbles, treach'rous as the Air.

V.

In *Canaan's* Land beyond the ætherial blue,
Immortal Fruits, and Flow'rs immortal grow;

Worldlings

Worldings, too rich for Grov'lers ſuch as you,
And too divine to live in Duſt below:

VI.

Theſe Pleaſures my ambitious Soul invite,
And make me pant for Immortality,
They fire my Soul, while only known by Sight,
How happier then muſt there Enjoyment be!

VII.

There I ſhall enter on a glorious Reign
O'er Death and Sin, and each infernal Foe,
And then, the Objects of my juſt Diſdain,
They'll kiſs my Foot-ſtool, who once ſought my Woe.

HYMN XI.

The BEST CHOICE.

YE that can call a future State, *a Dream*,
And count its Joys unworthy your Eſteem,
Go, and indulge your boaſted Liberty;
Be Earth your God, if JESUS is for me.

You who can rate no Happineſs divine,
But what proceeds from Luxury and Wine,
Who chuſe the flowing ſparkling Bowl before
Th' immortal Bliſs on *Canaan*'s happy Shore,
And dare to think the Rivers of Delight,
Which roll for ever in the Realms of Light,
Far diſtant Pleaſures never to be giv'n;
Go on, and try if you can reel to Heaven:

To

To Mirth and Jollity your Hours reſign;
Be *Bacchus* yours, if JESUS is but mine.

Ye Wretches, doom'd to Miſery and Shame,
Who ſport and wanton in a lawleſs Flame,
Who think, while Hell is burning in your Breaſt,
Yourſelves of true celeſtial Bliſs poſſeſt;
With weeping Eyes your ſad Miſtake I view,
And fly thoſe Dangers which you dare purſue;
And ask, that JESUS may your Fires allay,
And in your Boſoms kindle heav'nly Day;
But if you ſcorn ſuch Pray'rs, then pleaſe your Mind,
Nor fear the dangerous Sting that lies behind;
Be theſe the ſpecious Pleaſures you adore,
Nor ſtretch your large immortal Pow'rs for more;
But know that Vengeance hovers o'er your Head,
And ſoon will ſtrike the daring Rebels dead;
While I, embrac'd in JESUS heav'nly Arms,
Shall live for ever on his numerous Charms,
And calmly all the World's beſt Toys Reſign,
That I for ever may be His, and He for ever mine.

HYMN XII.

DEATH *and* HELL.

I.

RETIRE, my Muſe, from heav'nly Scenes,
Where thou haſt rov'd with vaſt Delight,
Leſt thy advent'rous Pinions fail
In ſuch a bold uncommon Flight;

Go,

Go, ſearch the Regions of the Dead,
And beat the Road that Souls departed tread.

II.

See! on yon Couch with aking Heart,
The Rebel to his Maker lies,
And views immenſe Eternity,
With wild Confuſion in his Eyes:
See! Death approach, relentleſs Foe,
To drive him down to everlaſting Woe.

III.

The Monſter ſtrikes, the Spirit flies
Up to the middle Regions Gloom,
(Where Legions of infernal Pow'rs
Attend its awful final Doom)
Then ſhudd'ring with Diſtreſs unknown,
It tow'rs again, and fronts th' Eternal's Throne.

IV.

But hark I hear the Word, *Depart!*
He ſinks, and Devils hid lead Way,
In black Deſpair, (their juſt Deſert
That from Religion's Footſteps ſtray)
And drops into the Gulph of Hell,
Where Pains, and Racks, and Fires, and Darkneſs dwell.

V.

O gloomy Scene, diſtreſsful State,
How ſhall I half thy Horrors ſhow!
If heav'nly Pleaſures are ſo great,
What Tortures muſt be felt below?

The

The gnawing Scorpion, and the Worm,
With mixt Severity their Parts perform.

VI.

But Muſe admit an heav'nly Thought,
While Sinners their Damnation ſee;
Let the bleſt Saint attempt a Song,
And tell the Love that ſet him free;
To JESUS Name let Praiſe be given,
Who taſted Hell, that we might feaſt on Heav'n.

HYMN XIII.

A View of HEAVEN.

ALL hail! ye bright immortal Courts above,
Regions of pure uninterrupted Love,
Nor Words can paint, nor ſtretching Thoughts believe,
The full grown Glories that we ſhall receive;
Glories unſtain'd, immortal, infinite,
Worthy the Manſions of eternal Light.
The Jaſper Walls in perfect Order ſhine,
And pearly Gates ſecure the Realms divine:
There wants no Sun; the Streets ſo radiant are,
For ever gilded with the Morning-Star.
The Tree of Life a kind Refreſhment gives,
And heals the heav'nly Nations with its Leaves;
Variety of Fruits are there in Store,
Which, once enjoy'd, are never needed more:
And a broad Stream of Grace and Comfort rolls,
Silent and ſlow, to cheer the Heav'n-born Souls;

There

There Saints and Angels reign with vaſt Delight,
Chill'd by no Winter, dark'ned with no Night.
The Sun of Righteouſueſs will there ariſe,
No Cloud to hide him from our wond'ring Eyes,
For we ſhall ſee the fair One as He is,
Dreſt in His Glories, Sharers in His Bliſs.
Here when we view our GOD, 'tis thro' a Glaſs,
But there we ſee his Beauties, Face to Face.
Think, O my Soul, the Tranſports will be ſweet,
When we with mutual mingled Fondneſs meet:
'Tis ſweet while here to gaze on heav'nly Things,
And hold Communion with the King of Kings,
Though oft diſturb'd; but there our full grown Joy,
Shall feel no Interruption, no Alloy.
Such are the Manſions, ſuch the rich Reward,
That CHRIST has purchas'd, and He has prepar'd,
For the lov'd Saint! ——————
Thrice happy Souls whoſe noble Thoughts aſpire,
Above the fancy'd Bliſs the World admire,
Who ſeek ſubſtantial Good beyond the Sky,
The Seats of ever-circling Love and Joy.
Rouſe up, my Soul, aſcend the Eagle's Wings,
Go ſearch the Courts where endleſs Pleaſure ſprings;
There fix thy Converſation, there thy Mind,
Nor leave a Thought, or glance a Look behind;
Spurn what the World calls Good, and raiſe thy Love,
And bid Faith travel thro' the Realms above.
O plant theſe Graces, Saviour, in my Heart,
Inflame my Soul, and ſeize on ev'ry Part;
O let me hold Converſes with Thee here,
Till I ſhall riſe to feaſt on Angels Fare.

CANTICLES, *Chap.* 8. *verſe* 5.

PARAPHRASED.

I.

CELESTIAL Virgins, tell me who
Bewilder'd gropes her Way;
Reſolv'd to tread the Deſart thro',
Tho' lin'd with Beaſts of Prey.

II.

Tell me who is this Fair, my Friends,
That wanders thus alone,
And melted into Love, depends
On her beloved One.

III.

She climbs the Rock where Leopards rove,
And views the Lions Dens;
Yet with undaunted Footſteps moves,
And as ſhe travels leans.

IV.

Let Thorns and Briars fill the Way,
And Satan plant his Gins;
She heeds not Thorns, nor Beaſts of Prey,
But chearfully ſhe leans.

V.

Careleſs of ev'ry Thing behind,
She new Advantage gains;

The

The Mark is ever in Mind,
While on her GOD ſhe leans.

VI.

Sometimes ſhe creeps, yet ev'ry Step
To full Perfection tends;
Then like the nimble Roe ſhe leaps,
As on her Love ſhe leans.

VII.

Far into *Canaan*'s Land ſhe pries,
And hopes for brighter Scenes;
Yet till ſhe climbs the upper Skies,
The lovely Virgin leans.

VIII.

This Thought may check her riſing Fears,
When ſore oppreſt with Sins:
The Burden her Beloved ſhares,
And on His Breaſt ſhe leans.

IX.

From Strength to Strength, from Grace to Grace,
She gradually aſcends;
Till lodg'd within the kind Embrace
Of Him on whom ſhe leans.

X.

Then ſhe reviews the Deſart, where
She lean'd upon her Love,
And on His Breaſt reclin'd, ſhe there
Begins her Work above.

HYMN

Chap. ii. *of* Solomon's *Song*

PARAPHRASED.

CHRIST.

I Am the Source of Good, the choiceſt Flow'r,
Let Souls have Me, and they can ask no more;
As the pure Lily lifts its honour'd Head
To bleſs the Vales, with Thiſtles overſpread;
So to my View, my well-lov'd Church appears,
Tho' mixt with Worms, and delug'd o'er in Tears;
Numbers there were, and Numbers ſtill they be,
Who boaſt they ſhine as excellent as ſhe;
Yet in theſe Fairs, my Love, my Undefil'd,
Nor can Omniſcience ever be beguil'd;
The pois'nous Serpent lurks within the Dove,
And thou alone ſhalt claim thy Saviour's Love.

CHURCH.

As in a Garden well adorn'd with Trees,
Loaded with Fruits, and quiv'ring to the Breeze;
The Apple-Tree diſtinguiſh'd moſt appears,
As that faint Nature with its Produce cheers:
So my lov'd LORD, ſo eminently fair,
Among the Sons of *Adam* ſhines without compare:
He is my Tree of Life, my *Sharon*'s Roſe,
On whoſe fair Fruit eternal Solace grows;

His

His cooling Shade divine Refreſhment gives,
And a rich Fragrance fills his healing Leaves.
When, deareſt LORD, beneath thy Smiles I reſt,
And taſte the Bounties of thy earthly Feaſt;
Smiling beneath the Banners of thy Love,
I feed on Manna dropping from above,
And find it Angels Food, celeſtial Cheer,
And think it a young Heav'n in Bloſſom here.
O do not leave me, nor withdraw thy Grace,
But keep me ever in Thy kind Embrace;
Let Thy eternal Arms ſtill be my Guard,
My only Portion, and my rich Reward;
And ſince I muſt thro' pathleſs Deſarts roam,
O guide me ſafe to Thy eternal Home.

Ye foul Tranſgreſſions whom I fondly preſs'd,
As harmleſs Doves to my unthinking Breaſt;
Ye Rebels, who have forc'd the GOD I love
To hide his Face, and from my Soul remove;
I Charge you never more my Breaſt annoy,
Nor with deep Sorrow daſh my future Joy.

How vaſt a Saviour's Love, to chaſe my Grief,
He climbs the Mountains of my Unbelief;
Nor Tears, nor Guilt our inwove Souls can part,
And blot my Image from a Saviour's Heart.

While in thoſe gloomy Vales, I view his Face
Thro' the dim Medium of an envious Glaſs;
But when that wiſh'd illuſtrious Morn ſhall riſe,
He'll break in open Glory on theſe Eyes.

When Faith aſſiſts me with her piercing Sight,
I ſee the Saviour, with immenſe Delight,
Stretch'd on a Croſs in painful Agony,
And as he yields his Breath I hear him cry,
" An open Laver ſtands, my Love for thee,
" Come then, and waſh thy ſcarlet Stains away.
" Come, for the *Jewiſh* Types and Smoke are o'er,
" And Clouds and Darkneſs veil my Face no more."

The Sun of Righteouſneſs his Warmth diſplays,
And gilds the World with one unclouded Blaze;
The riſing Mountain, and the ſinking Vale,
Round the wide Earth His godlike Glories tell;
The feather'd Nations as they cut their Way,
Chaunt forth Salvation in a tuneful Lay.

Grace in the Goſpel ſhines with open Blaze,
And quickens Nature with its heav'nly Rays;
Young Converts flouriſh in the wide-ſpread Fields,
And unknown Sweets the new Creation yields.
" Then come, my Fair, I hear my Jeſus ſay,
" Haſte to thy Saviour, nor allow Delay."

As I reclining lay, depreſt with Care,
He whiſper'd out this Fondneſs in my Ear;
" My Love, my fair One, moſt divinely bright,
" From vaſt Eternity my chief Delight,
" I feel thy Sorrows, view thee ſore oppreſt,
" While *Meſech* keeps thee from thy ſolid Reſt;
" I know thy Works, thy Patience, and thy Love,
" And will reward them when we meet above.
" Hold on thy Way, depending on thy LORD,
" For this ſtrong Arm ſhall be thine able Guard:

" Main-

" Maintain Converse with Heav'n by frequent
Prayer,
" Nor Earth, nor Hells vast Malice needs thou
fear.
" Smile then, my Fair, though all thy Foes
combine,
" My Pow'r can disappoint their worst Design;
" Though they would hinder thy eternal Rest,
" Stain thy best Duties, and torment thy Breast;
" Maintain thy Ground, nor give the Battle o'er;
" The Time rolls on when they shall rage no
more."

He spoke: TransportingPleasure fill'd my Soul,
I glow'd with Love, and long'd to reach the Goal;
Nor Saints below, nor Seraphim above,
Could match my Ardors, and transcend my Love.

All humble Souls can from Experience prove,
How kind His Presence, how divine his Love;
Within their Hearts he chuses out his Rest,
And their blest Minds with heav'nly Manna feasts.

Hast Thou, celestial Fair, and haste to me,
Darling of Heaven, Thy Face I long to see;
As the swift Roe, pursued by Beasts of Prey,
O'er Rocks, and Plains, and Valleys shapes his
Way;
So swift, blest Saviour, fly with all thy Charms,
Or bid thine Angels fetch me to thy Arms.

CHAP. III.

CHURCH.

I Sought my Love, but ſlothful on my Bed,
Cold was my Zeal, and my Devotion dead;
I ſought him; but ſo ſlow my Paſſions mov'd,
Spectators might conclude, I never lov'd.
I rang'd around the Globe, with watchful Care,
But all th' Induſtry could not find the Fair;
Tir'd out, that to no Purpoſe I ſhould rove,
I ſtretch'd me down, and thro' the vocal Grove,
A Voice thus ſpoke: "The Source of thy Delight,
"Long ſince from Earth has ſhap'd His radiant Flight;
"'Tis true indeed He ſojourn'd here below,
"To Joy unknown, and overwhelm'd with Woe.
"But Earth, vile Earth, unworthy of His Stay,
"Tempted, nay forc'd th' incarnate GOD away;
"And tho' he bow'd his Head, to Death he roſe,
"And won immortal Trophies from his Foes."
Riſing from hence, I ſought the bliſsful Place,
Where the dear Charmer oft unveils His Face;
And His lov'd Saints in Unity repair,
To pay their Debts of Gratitude and Pray'r;
'Twas there I learnt my Way, and learnt to find
How I might gain Communion with my Friend;
Scarce from this Place had I begun my Flight,
When my celeſtial Charmer roſe in Sight;

He

He ſhone array'd with twice ten thouſand Charms,
And claſp'd me gently in His heavenly Arms;
Diſſolv'd in Love, I lodg'd Him in my Heart,
And hop'd and pray'd he never would depart.
All you, my Friends, to my Requeſt give Ear,
And if you value my celeſtial Fair,
To this my Charge, a juſt Obſervance pay,
As you regard my Joys, and wiſh His Stay;
Dare not affront Him, leſt his Wrath ariſe,
And He no longer bleſs my raviſh'd Eyes;
For though He ſuffers long, and long will wait,
Yet all His Children know He can retreat.

WEAK BELIEVERS.

What blooming Beauty leaves the thorny Way,
Where hiſs the Serpents, and the Lions ſtray,
Stedfaſt her Eyes on *Canaan*'s flow'ry Plains,
Where new uninterrupted Pleaſure reigns;
Swiftly ſhe riſes upward thro' the Skies,
And wins immortal Honour as ſhe flies.

CHURCH.

Virgins, why ſo aſtoniſh'd at my Haſte,
To quit this Deſart for eternal Reſt;
Is ought engaging in this gloomy Wild?
It cannot court my Stay, 'tis all defil'd;
Therefore I'll mount with new and unknown Pace,
And leave this gloomy, this polluted Place;
JESUS, my GOD, ſo eminently Fair,
In His ſoft Boſom keeps His fleecy Care,

And

And to enjoy ſuch Pleaſures I'll aſpire,
Touch'd into Love, and wing'd with heav'nly Fire;
In thoſe bleſt Regions where my Charmer is,
Stands the bright Throne of Glory, and of Bliſs.

Once the great GOD, who bears deſpotick Sway,
In the bleſt Regions of eternal Day;
Down from his Palace roll'd his flaming Wheels,
And in full Glory ruſh'd on *Sinai*'s Hills;
From thence he thunder'd out the fiery Law,
While *Iſrael* liſt'ned with a trembling Awe;
But now from *Sion*, he beſpeaks his Saints,
To chear their Souls, and ſtill their loud Complaints;
And tho' He thunders Terror to His Foes,
And all that dare his ſacred Laws oppoſe;
Yet in His Chariots pav'd with Love and Peace,
He ſeats his Saints, the Objects of his Grace.

Go forth, ye Saints, and with a wond'ring Eye,
Behold your SAVIOUR crown'd in Majeſty;
Hear the loud Praiſes, and ſeraphick Songs,
That flow from Myriads of adoring Tongues,
But if you find ſuch Pleaſure in a Ray,
How great the Bliſs of one unclouded Day;
When the bleſt Nuptial ſhall be ever crown'd,
With Joys that thro' Eternity abound.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

CHRIST.

CELESTIAL Fair, thou Centre of my Love,
Admir'd and honour'd in the Worlds above;
Immortal Pleaſures fix thy wond'ring Eyes,
Pleaſures the Product of the bliſsful Skies.
When to avoid Afflictions ſcorching Heat,
Beneath my Shade thou ſeek'ſt a cool Retreat;
Well art thou ſolac'd, as the Sweets diſtil,
Nor fear'ſt a Surfeit, though thou haſt a Fill;
'Tis Milk for Nouriſhment, celeſtial Meat,
Food ſuch as Saints, and raptur'd Angels eat.
While in this State, O let a SAVIOUR hear
Thy chearful Voice, 'tis Muſick in my Ear;
It favours much of *Canaan*'s ſacred Tongue,
And like to Angels Praiſes is Thy Song.
Go forth, great Princeſs, vanquiſh ev'ry Foe,
And raiſe a Triumph on their Overthrow;
The Shield of Faith ſhall turn the Shafts aſide,
Nor wound and injure my celeſtial Bride;
In thy Right-hand, O graſp the Spirit's Sword,
For all my Saints muſt be to War inur'd,
Nor fear their Rage; the fatal Blow I gave,
When I roſe Conq'ror from the ſilent Grave;
This ſacred Word will baffle their Deſign,
How low and deep ſoe'er they undermine;
Theſe ſacred Teſtaments, how ſtrong they be,
Not two young Roes ſo lovingly agree;
Harmoniouſly they join, and jointly grant
Courage and Strength to ev'ry drooping Saint.

Till

Till the kind Dawn appear, the Morning riſe,
When I ſhall leave the Manſions of the Skies;
And my rejoicing Saints ſhall take their Flight,
To the bleſt Hills of everlaſting Light;
I'll often pay my Viſits here below,
And bleſs thoſe Hearts where fragrant Spices grow;
O Thou, my Love, ſo beauteous and ſo true,
I ſee Thy Charms, and love the more I view;
Clad in my Robe, ſo coſtly and ſo white,
Thou ſeem'ſt the very Eſſence of Delight;
Come leave the Toys of Senſe, retreat with me,
And ſmile a while from all Afflictions free;
Then will we hold Communion, and enjoy
Pleaſures that ſatisfy, but never cloy;
The Welcome Preludes of that boundleſs Spring
Of rich Delights, the Nuptial Day will bring.
Sincere Thy Love's to me, and all divine,
O how rich better than the choiceſt Wine;
Not the beſt Spices yield ſo ſweet a Smell,
Nor richeſt Honeys pleaſe the Taſte ſo well.
O then Thyſelf to my fond Arms reſign,
Nor fear a Rival, Thou art ever mine;
There ſweetly lodg'd I'll be Thy ſure Defence,
And no malicious Power ſhall force thee thence.

CHURCH.

Source of immortal Bliſs, celeſtial Fair,
Firſt, holieſt, beautiful beyond compare;
Do my mean Spices ſend ſo rich a Smell?
And does my Perſon pleaſe my GOD ſo well?
Riſe then, ye Northern Winds, and gently blow,
Ye Southern Gales, and make my Graces flow;
Come, ſacred Spirit, with thy quick'ning Rays,
And to full Exerciſes wake my Grace,

That

That JESUS may enjoy my ardent Love,
The Prelude of diviner Gratitude above.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST.

MY Sister, and My Spouse, My All below,
How great thy Worth to charm thy Lover so;
And since thy Stock has been so well increas'd,
That little by a due Improvement blest;
With copious Hand I'll show'r a large Supply,
Then ope thy Mouth, and raise thy Wishes high;
And fear no Want, for 'tis My heav'nly Will,
That thou, bright Charmer, should'st enjoy thy Fill.

CHURCH.

SOLILOQUY.

How oft I groan beneath the fatal Yoke?
How oft are all my Springs of Comfort broke?
I slumber, yet would wake, ah sad Complaint,
The Soul is willing, but the Flesh is faint;
Methought, my JESUS call'd, the fairest He,
Would fain have Entrance, and have sup'd with me;
Long did he stay, I found no Will to rise,
Till at the last the heav'nly Lover cries,
"Open to me, my Sister, and my Love,
"Open to me, my Undefil'd, my Dove;

" Here I have waited, tarried long for you,
" My Locks are matted with the falling Dew."
My Fleſh at this began her piteous Moan,
Fain would have ſlept, and let the Fair alone;
But e'er the heav'nly Woer went his way,
He ſhot ſuch Charms I could no longer ſtay;
Swift I unbar'd the Gates with watchful Care,
And down my Fingers flow'd the ſcentful Myrrh,
But ah! he had withdrawn I knew not where.
Gladly I would have found my Lord again,
I rang'd the Streets, but rang'd the Streets in vain;
GOD's holy Seers, who us'd to cheer my Mind,
Spake ſomewhat hardly, churliſh and unkind;
They ſham'd my Deadneſs, and my poor Pretence,
That griev'd the willing GOD, and forc'd Him thence.
You, O my Friends, that oft frequent the Place,
Where He unveils the Beauties of His Face;
If you ſhould hear his tender Bowels move,
Tell Him, O tell Him, I am ſick of Love;
Tell Him, what Anguiſh racks my penſive Breaſt,
That Death will ſeize me if he will not haſte.

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